

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Many Debutante Affairs Are on the Tapis This Week—The Rutherford McAllisters Entertain Tonight—Big Charity Affair at Horticultural Hall

BACK once more in the realm of the debutante, are we not? For on Wednesday of this week Jean Fox was introduced at a tea by her parents...

The Brinton dance was a huge success. It was held in the Bellevue-Stratford, and several of the debts received with Elizabeth in the early part of the evening...

Tonight the Rutherford McAllisters, of Chestnut Hill, will give a dance out at the Huntingdon Valley Country Club for Elizabeth Trotter, who is another debutante whose good time is an assured thing...

Mrs. Stewart Wurts' Dancing Class will have its initial meeting this evening at Asher's. The committee in charge tonight includes William Fleming, Stewart Wurts, Jr., Owen Wister, Jr., Dan Bach and Walter Robb, Jr.

Tonight the much-talked-of dinner-dance and bazaar for the benefit of St. Vincent's Aid and Maternity Hospital will be held in the ballroom and lower hall of Horticultural Hall.

Mrs. John W. Townsend, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., has issued invitations for a tea to be given next Wednesday afternoon at her home in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Hunter Seabright...

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Mason will entertain at dinner tonight in honor of her daughter, Miss Evelyn Page, daughter of Mrs. William H. Page...

At the dinner which Mr. and Mrs. W. L. MacCoy will give at their Overbrook home the night of November 23, before the dance to be held at the Merion Cricket Club...

Plans are well under way for a dance to be given on Tuesday, December 12, in the rooms of the Germantown Cricket Club by the board of woman visitors of the Germantown Hospital.

and Mrs. William R. Verrier, of Wayne, whose marriage to Mr. Channing Williams Daniel, formerly of Richmond, Va., but now residing in Rosemont, takes place at St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Wayne, Saturday, November 25, at 4 o'clock.

Tuesday evening, Miss Mary Converse, of Rosemont, will give a dinner-dance in honor of Miss Verrier and Mr. Daniel.

On Wednesday, the following day, Miss Agnes McDonough, another of the bridesmaids, will give a matinee theater party, followed by tea at the Bellevue.

Miss Verrier will entertain her bridal party at luncheon and bridge at her home in Wayne on Thursday, and Mr. Daniel will give a dinner-dance at the Hotel Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Daniel, of Rosemont, are giving a dinner-dance on Friday evening at their home for the bridal party and about forty additional guests.

Mrs. William Kinloch Draper, of New York, will spend the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Harrison, at Happy Creek Farm, St. David's.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley G. Clark, Jr., are occupying Grey Gables, the Lawrence Paul place at Villanova, this winter.

Mrs. James A. Hughes, of Huntington, W. Va., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Robert W. Daniel, at Rosemont.

Miss Dorothy Potter, of Evergreen avenue, Chestnut Hill, has gone to Atlantic City for a brief stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wain Meigs and their debutante daughter, Miss Anne Walker Meigs, are occupying their town house, 1724 Walnut street, for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Tucker of 325 School House Lane, Germantown, will leave shortly for Hot Springs, Va., to spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Pere Wilmer, of 3622 West Coulter street, Germantown, have Miss Margaret Goldsborough, of Baltimore, Md., as their guest.

Mrs. James Vogdes, of Edgewater Park, and Miss Clara Woodward have issued invitations for auction bridge on Tuesday, December 5, at 2:30 o'clock at the Acorn Club, 1618 Walnut street.

A series of dances will be given at the Greytown, 125 West School House Lane, Germantown, on the following dates: November 17, December 18, December 29, January 12 and January 26.

Mrs. Albert De Sanno, Jr., entertained at luncheon on Tuesday at the Manufacturers' Club, in honor of Miss Helen Harman Radley and her bridesmaids, Miss Radley's marriage to Mr. Edwin Daniel Peck will take place on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer Albion Butler, of Elkins Park, have taken a suite of rooms at the Swarthmore, Twenty-second and Walnut streets, for the winter.

Miss Margaret La Rue, of Pelham road, Germantown, who made her debut last week, will spend the week-end in Princeton, attending the senior prom on Friday night and the Yale-Princeton game on Saturday afternoon.

Dr. Frederick W. Oswley, of Barrowdale, Washington Lane, Rydal, returned this week from Virginia, where he has been spending several days.

Mrs. George Knox McIlwain, 233 South Forty-first street, will take a motor party to Princeton tomorrow to attend the Yale-Princeton football game.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Peters, 329 Winona avenue, Germantown, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Elsie McKee Peters, to Mr. Jules Bell, also of Germantown.

The photograph of Mrs. Robert Wetherill, Jr., which appeared in yesterday's Evening Ledger, was taken by the William Shewell Ellis Studio and not the Photo-Crafters, to whom it was credited. The Ellis Studio took all the bridal pictures of Mrs. Wetherill, who was Miss Barbara Blapham.

Mrs. Daniel Hebard, of Chestnut Hill, has gone to Knoxville, Tenn., to visit friends. She will return in a fortnight.

Notice for the Society was will be announced in their daughter, Miss Elsie McKee Peters, to Mr. Jules Bell, also of Germantown.

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT



Boy: What! Ye haven't got a mother nor father nor any relations? Geel! Haven't ye got no troubles a-tall!?"

HEART OF THE SUNSET

By REX BEACH

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CHAPTER XXII—(Continued)

THAT'S the Rio Negro crossing," Dave announced. Then spying a little house squatting a short distance back from the road, he said: "We'd better try yonder. If they turn us down we'll have to take to the brush."

O'Malley agreed. "Yes, and we have no time to lose. That horseman is going to rouse the town. I'm afraid we're—in for it."

Dave nodded silently. Leaving the beaten path, the refugees threaded their way through cactus and mesquite to a gate, entering which they approached the straw-thatched jacal they had seen. A naked boy baby watched them draw near, then scuttled for shelter, plucking an alarm. A man appeared in a moment, at sight of whom the priest rode forward with a pleasant greeting. But the fellow was unfriendly. His wife, too, emerged from the dwelling and joined her husband in warning Father O'Malley away.

"Let me try," Alaire begged, and spurred her horse up to the group. She smiled down at the country people, saying: "We have traveled a long way, and we're tired and hungry. Won't you give us something to eat? We'll pay you well for your trouble."

How would YOU like to wake up some morning and find yourself the only person alive in all the world?

This is the experience of Beatrice Kendrick, a beautiful stenographer, who awakens into

"THE VACANT WORLD"

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Don't fail to read this story, one of the most remarkable tales of adventure and love which has yet been written. It begins in TOMORROW'S Evening Evening Ledger

The man demurred sullenly, and began a refusal; but his wife, after a wondering scrutiny, interrupted him with a cry. Rushing forward, she took the edge of Alaire's skirt in her hands and kissed it.

"God be praised! A miracle!" she exclaimed. "Juan, don't you see? It is the beautiful senora for whom we pray every day of our lives. On your knees, shameless one! It is she who delivered you from the prison."

Juan stared unbelievably, then his face changed; his teeth flashed in a smile, and sweeping his hat from his head, he, too, approached Alaire.

"It is! Senora, I am Juan Garcia, whom you saved, and this is Inez," he declared. "Heaven bless you and forgive me. I have let us rest here, I am sure."

"Now I know you," Alaire laughed, and slipped down from her saddle. "This is a happy meeting. So! You live here, and that is little Juan who ran away as if we were going to eat him. Well, he is hungry, but not hungry enough to devour Juanito."

Turning to her companions, she explained the circumstances of her first meeting with these good people. They talked the Garcias broke in joyfully, adding their own account of her goodness.

"We've fallen among friends," Alaire told Dave and Father O'Malley. "They will let us rest here, I am sure. Husband and wife agreed in one voice. In fact, they were overjoyed at an opportunity of serving her; and little Juan, his suspicions partially allayed, tasted from hiding and readily forward to take part in the welcome."

Shamefaced the elder Garcia explained his inhospitable reception of the travelers. "We hear the Gringos are coming to kill us and take our farms. Everybody is badly frightened. We are driving our herds away and hiding what we can. Yesterday at the big Obispo ranch our people shot two Americans and burned some of their houses. They intend to kill all the Americans they can find, so you'd better be careful. Just now a fellow rode up shouting that you were coming, but of course I didn't know."

"Yes, of course. We're trying to reach the border," Father O'Malley told him. "Will you hide us here until we can go on?"

Juan courted respectfully to the priest. "My house is yours, Father."

"Can you take care of our horses, too, and—give us a place to sleep?" Dave asked. His wife was heavy; he had been almost constantly in the saddle since leaving Jomeville, and now could barely keep himself awake.

out of sight, turned from the window she found that Dave had collapsed upon a chair and was sleeping, his limbs relaxed, his body sagging.

"Poor fellow, he's done up," Father O'Malley volunteered, shrugging his shoulders. "Yes, he hasn't slept for days," she whispered. "Help me." With the assistance of Inez she succeeded in lifting Dave to the bed, but he half roused himself. "Lie down, dear," Alaire told him. "Close your eyes for a few minutes. We're safe now."

"Somebody has to keep watch," he muttered, then, and tried to fling off his fatigues. But he was like a drunken man. "I'm not sleepy; I'll stand guard," the priest volunteered, and disregarding further protest, he helped Alaire remove Dave's coat.

Seeing that the bed was nothing more than a board platform covered with straw matting, Alaire folded the garment for a pillow, as she did so a handful of soiled frayed letters spilled out upon the floor.

"Rest now, while you have a chance," she begged of her husband. "Just for a little while."

"All right," he agreed. "Call me in an hour. Couldn't sleep—wasn't time. He shook off his weariness and smiled at his wife, while his eyes flamed with some emotion. "There is something I ought to tell you, but—I can't now—not now. Too sleepy." His head drooped again; she forced him back; he stretched himself out with a sigh, and was asleep almost instantly.

Alaire motioned the others out of the room, then stood looking down at the man into whose keeping she had given her life. As she looked her face became radiant. Dave was unkempt, unshaven, dirty, but to her he was of a godlike beauty, and the knowledge that he was hers to comfort and guard was strangely thrilling. Her love for Ed, even that first love of her girlhood, had been nothing like this. How could it have been like this? she asked herself. How could she have loved deeply when, at the time, her own nature lacked depth? Experience had broadened her, and suffering had uncovered depths in her being which nothing else had had the power to uncover. Stopping, she kissed Dave softly, then let her cheek rest against his. Her man! Her man! She found herself whispering the word.

Her eyes were wet, but there was a smile upon her lips when she gathered up the letters which had dropped from her husband's pocket. She wondered, with a little jealous twinge, who could be writing to him. It seemed to her that she owned him now, and that she could no longer share him with any other. She studied the inscriptions with a frown, noticing as she did so that several of the envelopes were unopened—either Dave was careless about such things or else he had had no leisure in which to read his mail. One letter was longer and heavier than the rest and its covering, steel-stained and worn at the edges, came apart in her hands, exposing several pages of typewriting in the Spanish language. The opening words challenged her attention.

In the name of God, Amen, Alaire read, involuntarily her eye followed the next line:

Know all men by this public instrument that I, Maria Josefa Law, of this vicinity,

Alaire started. Who, she asked herself, was Maria Josefa Law? Dave had no sisters; no female relatives whatever, so far as she knew. She glanced at the sleeping man and then back at the writing.

—finding myself seriously ill in bed, but with sound judgment, full memory and understanding, believing in the ineffable mysteries of the Holy Trinity; three distinct persons in one God, in essence, and in the other mysteries acknowledged by our Mother, the Church—

"This was a will—one of those queer Spanish documents of which Alaire had heard—but who was Maria Josefa Law? Alaire scanned the sheets curiously, and on the reverse side of the last one discovered a few lines, also in Spanish, but scrawled in pencil. They read:

My dear nephew—Here is the copy of your mother's will that told you she was not to be buried after her death she was not possessed of the property mentioned herein, and so the original document was never filed for record, but came to me along with certain family possessions of small value. It seems to contain the information you desire.

Francisco Ramirez

The will of Dave's mother! Then Maria Josefa Law was that poor woman regarding whose tragic end Judge Ellsworth had spoken so peculiarly. Alaire felt not a little curiosity to know more about the mother of the man whose name she had taken. Accordingly, after a moment of debate with herself, she set down to translate the instrument. Surely Dave would not object if she occupied herself thus while he slept.

The document had evidently been drawn in the strictest form, doubtless by some legal priest, for it ran:

First, I commend my soul to the Supreme Being who from nothing formed it, and my body I order returned to earth, and which, as soon as it shall become a corpse, it is my wish shall be shrouded with a blue habit in resemblance to those used by the monks of our Seraphic Father, St. Francis; to be interred with high mass, without pomp.

Alaire mused with a certain reverent pleasure that Dave's mother had been a devout woman.

Second, I declare to have, in the possession of my husband, Francisco Law, three horses, with splendid equipment of saddle and bridle, which are to be sold and the proceeds applied to masses for the benefit of my soul. I so declare, that it may appear.

Third, I declare to owe to Mrs. Guillelmo Pures about twenty dollars, to be ascertained by my executor, and to be paid out of my estate. I so declare, that this debt may be paid as I have ordered.

Fourth, in full remuneration for the

services of my cousin, Margarita Ramirez, I bequeath and donate a silver tray which weighs 100 ounces seven breeding cows and four fine linen and lace taborettes. So I declare, that it may appear.

Fifth, I bequeath to my adopted son, David, offspring of the unfortunate American woman who died in my house at Escoveo, the share of land—

Alaire reread this paragraph wonderingly, then let the document fall into her lap. So Dave was an adopted son, and not actually the child of this woman, Maria Josefa Law. She wondered if he knew it, and, if so, why he hadn't told her? But, after all, what difference did it make who or what he was? He was hers to love and to comfort, hers to cherish and to serve.

For a long time she sat gazing at him

tenderly; then she slipped out and delighted the naked Garcia baby by taking him in her arms and hugging him. Inez thought the beautiful senora's voice was like the music of birds.

It was growing dark when Dave was awakened by cool hands upon his face and by soft lips upon his. He opened his eyes to find Alaire bending over him, and they remained so for a while, whispering now and then, trying ineffectually to voice the thoughts that needed no expression.

"Why did you let me sleep so long?" he asked her, reproachfully.

"Oh, I've been napping there in that chair, where I could keep one eye on you. I'm terribly selfish; I can't bear to lose one minute." After a while she said: "I've made a discovery. Father O'Malley scores dreadfully! Juanito never heard anything like it, and it frightened him nearly to death. He says the Father must be a very fierce man to growl so loudly. He says, too,

that he likes me much better than his mother."

It seemed to Dave that the bliss of this one moment more than rewarded him for all he had gone through and paid him for any unhappiness the future might hold in store.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

What's Doing Tonight

Opera, "Roberta," Metropolitan Opera House, 12th and Locust streets, 8 o'clock.

Illustrating Engineering Society, Engineers' Club, 1317 Spruce street, 8 o'clock.

Play, "My Friend From India," La Salle Rehearsal Hall, 13th and Locust streets, 8 o'clock.

Lecture, "The Traffic Side of Railroading," by Robert C. Winters, Traffic Manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Temple University, 10th and Locust streets, 8 o'clock.

Machinists' Club ball, Girard Avenue Assembly Hall.

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